WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1806. No. 26.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

(Concluded.)

BARON T—— kept his promise. The name of the Countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and, together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk of the city, where noblemen and beggars, great ladies and filles de joye, promiscuously paraded; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself upon a stick. "Heavens!" cried he, "see, that is Emilia's confessor."

Baron T—— started, looked fearfully towards him, and was silent. "Come dear T——," said Gustavus, after a pause, "let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him."

He seized the Baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will. "Reverend old man," commenced the Count, "whence the sorrow which I see pourtrayed upon your sallow cheek?"—"It is not sorrow, my lord," answered the priest: "I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician have to day for the first time stepped into the open air."—"I congratulate you," said the Count. "Do you know me?"—"Undoubtedly, my Lord, I have the honour of speaking to Count Z**."—"True," replied he, "you are speaking to the unfortunate Count Z**, whose misery is to you alone no secret."—"My Lord," stammered Anselmo, "pardon me, I do not understand you." The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him, "You mean to say you *must* not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?"—"No, my Lord," returned the priest, "I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble excellent lady."—"All in vain, Sir, said Gustavus, "all in vain; your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I, I myself was concealed in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia confessed to you.—*I know that the lovely youth, for six months daily visited our bed-chamber—I know that he each time escaped while we were at supper.* You see, Sir, all, all I know. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot."

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards heaven. "Almighty Providence," exclaimed he, "now do I see why thou hast prolonged my life!" Now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer that I might be allowed to depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my Lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildman, the orphan whom you educated, and for whom you three years since, procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid-servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To *me* she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities."

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood Count Z**, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildman had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed; he saw his lovely, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently agitated, stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a

hackney coachman, and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anselmo endeavour to console him; he saw them not; he heard them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and galloped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T—— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream; she heard the noise at the gates; she heard them opened and again barred. Hark! The footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery, which led to her prison. Hark! The key clinked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened: the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eyes. See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognised her husband. See! a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognised her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence at length is manifest; of a tender heart which at once recovers all that is dear to it!

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing and asking whether she could ever forgive him. She embraced him—forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his own in the dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arms with heart-felt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed in silence the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone, said to her husband, "Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard any thing of them."

In repentant agony, the Count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was directly brought from the boor's wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awoke, and for the first time tinged her pallid cheeks again with [illegible].

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded his steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. "No," said Emilia, smiling, and throwing her arm round her husband's neck, "the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again; these pallid lips will regain their colour; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is—let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, *never to condemn his wife upon appearances.*"

SELECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR THE VISITOR.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"*And he sat down at the well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters, and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the Shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up, and helped them, and watered their flock.*"

IN the juvenile days of Moses, that prophet having unfortunately interfered in a quarrel between an Egyptian and a Jew, went into voluntary exile. Provoked at the assassination of a subject, the reigning monarch sought to slay Moses, who fled from his wrath into the land of Midian. Here he took up his residence in the vicinity of a well, and lived a sort of hermit's life, "unknowing and unknown." By a glance at the history of pastoral ages, it will be seen, that the task of drawing water, either for household purposes or the use of the fold devolved upon the woman. The simplicity, the indolence, or the rudeness of the patriarchs, caused them to forget, that the obvious destination of the softer sex, was for lighter labour; and that men, as the natural guardians of females, should ever rescue their fair wards from ignominious thraldom. But the Priest of Midian, with all his learning, was, it seems, clownish and inattentive, in this respect for, he suffered his whole family of girls to "Draw water, and fill the troughs to water his flock." In those days, and in that arid religion, reservoirs, wells and cisterns, attracted almost as great crowds, as fashionable watering places have in times more modern, and in a climate less fiery. Indeed, throughout the East, wells were a kind of haunt; and at their margins were to be found Pilgrims and Patriarchs, Shepherds and Herdsmen, blushing beauties, and clamorous boors, all eager to allay their own thirst, or that of the animals, lowing and bleating around. In such a promiscuous crowd, grossness and incivility would always mingle, perhaps predominate; and not only delicate ears, but even graceful forms, would sometimes be wounded. The daughters of the Egyptian Priest did not repair to the well of Midian, without exposure to the attack of brutality. Certain Shepherds of the country, "*Fellows* of the *baser* sort," came and drove these unoffending females away. Perceiving this harshness, and, in a spirit of gallantry, resenting it, Moses, with the courtesy of a *cavalier*, quitted his seat and his meditations, civilly helped the insulted maidens, and relieved them from the labour of watering their flocks. This is a pleasing instance of primeval politeness, and demonstrates that even in the simplest stages of society, the man of feeling, taste, and judgment, will always support the rights of woman.

The sex have a paramount claim to our protection, tenderness, and courtesy. Years cannot cause my dim eyes to survey the fair carelessly, or with indifference. My heart still palpitates at their approach, and, in despite of the dicipline of philosophy, my nerves vibrate, like the keys of a harpsichord, from the lightest touch of a charmer. Once, in the absurd misapprehension of youth, I thought the character of a woman-hater worth imitating, and even attempted to hurl a feeble lance at the daughters of Eve. But time has taught me the impolicy and baseness of such a warfare. I have not only made a truce, but concluded a firm and lasting peace with the ladies, I pride myself that they still admit an old bachelor to their toilets, and that they will not refuse a dropped fan, though presented them by a grey-headed gallant. If I hear the pleasing rustle of silk against my study stairs, I make shift to hide my spectacles, and at the expense of gouty limbs, cheerfully

resign my obsolete arm chair to the occupancy of the fair sex. I am a very Moses to resent any ill treatment they may receive; and did modern ladies watch and water sheep, like the seven Shepherdesses of Midian, I am sure I should "right merrily" fill the bucket.

The gallantry of the attentive Moses was not unrequited. It procured him an invitation to the house of the Priest, whose daughters had been thus protected by the shield of civility. The fruits of good breeding were the gratitude of a venerable divine, and the hand of Zipporah his daughter.

Thus it may be learned by every young man, eager for a pleasant passage through life, that attention to women honors both the giver and the receiver. Nothing is to be gained by rudeness to the sex. By complaisance to them much may be acquired. He who is universally decried by women, is rarely very popular in male society. Nature intended the two sexes should live in amity. Let the good understanding continue. If we treat our female friends with courtesy, and with tenderness, if we listen to their voice with attention, bow at their approach, and sigh at their departure, we shall be liberally remunerated. Selfishness alone will dictate such politeness. Woman, naturally frank, generous and sensitive, will hasten to discharge the obligation. On him who is thus watchful to please her, she will smile with radiance, she will smooth his pillow, she will like Hotspur's consort, "sing the song that pleases him," and "bind his aching head with flowers."

Communicated for the Weekly Visitor.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

Act 5th, Scene 1st, of Cato Imitated.—

The maid alone, with Milton in her hand open at this celebrated passage.

———Hail wedded love! mysterious law,
Our Maker bids, increase, who bids, abstain,
But our destroyer, foe to God and man!

It must be so! Milton thou reason'st well;
Else, why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after something unpossess'd
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of dying unespous'd? why shrinks the soul
Back on itself and startles at virginity?
'Tis instinct, faithful instinct, stirs within us,
'Tis natures self that points out an alliance,
And intimates an husband to the sex.
Marriage! thou pleasing, and yet anxious thought!
Through what varietyof hopes and fears,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The unchanging state in prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold: if nature prompts the wish,
(And that she does, is plain, from all her works)
Our duty and our interest, bids indulge it;
For the great end of natures law is bliss.
But yet in wedlock woman must obey!
I'm weary of these doubts! the priest shall end them.
Nor do I rashly venture: loss and gain,
Bondage and pleasure, meet my thoughts at once.
I wed! my liberty is gone forever;
But happiness, from time itself secur'd.
Love first shall recompense my loss of freedom,
And when my charms shall fade away, my eyes
Grow dim, my stature bend with years;
Then virtuous friendship shall succeed to love;
Then pleas'd, I'll scorn infirmities and death;
Renew'd, immortal in a filial race.

A LOVE FOR SOLITUDE AND LEARNING,

Evinced in the characters of great and noble personages.

ALEXANDER was remarkably fond of reading. Whilst he was filling the world with the fame of his victories, marking his progress by blood and slaughter, dragging captive monarchs at his chariot-wheels, marching over smoaking towns and ravaged provinces, with increasing ardour to new victories, he felt many intervals of time hang heavy on his hands, and lamenting that Asia afforded no books to amuse his leisure, wrote to Harpalus, to send him the works of Philistus, the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, Eschylus, and the dythyrambics of Thalestes.

WHEN Philip king of Macedon invited Dionysius the younger, to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of Prince and Poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?"—"In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

CICERO who was more sensible of mental pleasures, than any other character, says, in his oration for the poet Archias, "Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge pleasures like these, since, for so many years, the enjoyment of them has never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and defend virtue? Who can justly blame, who can censure me, if, while others are pursuing the views of interest gazing at festal shows and idle ceremonies, exploring new pleasures, engaged in midnight revels, in the distraction of gaming, the madness of intemperance, neither reposing the body nor recreating the mind, I spend the recollective hours in a pleasing review of my past life; in dedicating my time to learning and the muses?"

PLINY the Elder, full of the same spirit, devoted every moment of his life to learning. Some person always read to him during his meals; and he never travelled without a book and portable writing-desk by his side. He made extracts from every work he read; and, scarcely conceiving himself alone while his faculties were absorbed in sleep, he endeavoured by this diligence to double the duration of his existence.

RAILLERS—This description of men are extremely mortified when their raillery meets with a retort. The profession requires vast wit an vast attention, and even with these is dangerous. A man of quality, who had a very little nose, joking a soldier, whose nose was very large: "My body!" said the soldier, "why are you so angry at my nose? Do you think it was made at the expense of yours."

A DISPUTE FOR PRECEDENCY.—Two little girls of the city of———disputing for precedency, one, the daughter of a a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune: "You are to consider, Miss," said the brewer's daughter, "that my papa keeps a coach." "Very true, Miss," said the other, "and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray."

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.—A person asked a friend how he, who had lived at so little expense, was not rich; since he knew he had eight reals a day of income, and did not spend more than two? The friend answered, "Brother, I pay two; and I lend two; I waste two; and I lose two. Those I pay are to my father and mother, who are poor. Those I lend, are to my son at Salamanca, who, I trust, will pay me when I am old, as I now pay my father. Those I waste, are for eating and drinking to my wife and myself. Those I lose, are for dress to my wife.

LAURA.

A PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE.

IT was the lot of Laura to be beautiful: Nature had bestowed upon her, her choisest gifts. Her form was symmetry itself; her face was general loveliness, suffused with the animating glow of health; whilst every feature boasted beauty in its mould. She was Nature's grace arrayed. Her innate endowments were not few; she possessed the nicest sensibility, with a warm and lively imagination: ever forward to do good, and never known to inflict an injury. She was the delight and admiration of every one; her eye beamed universal pleasure, and her free deportment communicated it to all around her.

Yet, with all these gems to charm, and powers to attract, Laura became the child of misfortune. One evil usurped the seat of her breast, and wielded its fatal sceptre over her passions; whilst an humble virtue, balancing its pernicious influence, was expelled the number of her guards. Prudence made way for Vanity.

Laura had lost her parents. An easy independence enabled her to rank high in the circle of her associates, and live in a style suitable to an accomplished education. No other pleasures, no other wishes, but her own, to consult, she accounted herself the most blest of her sex, and conceived nothing wanting to make life a paradise. Sufficient in herself, she ridiculed the sentiments of love and friendship, and thought it only happiness to be admired. She felt a superiority over her companions, and regarded the adulation lavished on her as the voice of truth; and the admiration of the world, but a sacrifice due to her charms.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, she was the life of company, and every one rejoiced in her intimacy. She had innumerable suitors, whom she treated with equal coldness and indifference: the greatest flatterer was most welcome, yet none acquired an interest in her affections

At last her susceptibility was aroused. Amidst the train of her followers, was a youth of noble person, and a manly understanding. He wooed the lovely Laura, and pursued her with an ardent attention. 'Twas visible her heart was touched. Henry would fain believe it, and, with increasing confidence, approached the object of his passion. Immediately he feared himself undone. She gave a check to his advances, and received him with a luke-warm satisfaction. *Henry did not flatter:* this stood the only barrier to his victory. He saw, with grief, the excess of her vanity, yet could not stoop to dissemble. His tongue was faithful as his heart, and could not utter a delusion. To remonstrate with her fault was dangerous and might cause a breach for ever. That fear predominated; and he resolved patiently to persevere with a steady honorable zeal, in hopes, by time, to gain his object, and effect a change.

In the mean time the gay and gallant Harman, noted for his conquests in the field of virtue, entered the list of this fair one's votaries. With all the arts of flattery and deceit, he endeavored to insinuate himself into her graces, and not without the semblances of success. Wherever Laura was amusing herself, Harman was the leader of her train. He made himself her slave. Her beauty and accomplishments were his constant themes; every act of her life was the subject of his applause, and every error neatly converted into a compliment. He professed her the idol of his adoration, and dextrously contrived his praises should be repeated in her ears.

Henry was alarmed: he guessed the designs of his enemy, yet knew not how he should proceed. To preserve his love was his first intent even at the risque of loss. Of that he felt considerable apprehension: but 'twas a feather in the balance with her safety. He therefore summoned his utmost fortitude, and sought an interview, to disclose to her the danger of her situation. He depicted the character of the specious Harman in its truest colors; and with energy persuaded her to fortify her prudence against his infatuating powers. He prayed her pardon, conjured her to be careful, and promised, if he met with her displeasure, to banish himself for ever from her sight. Generous Henry! happy had she embraced thy counsels. But no, her pride was wounded: she dismissed him from her presence, and expressed disdain at the artifice of his interested friendship. In vain did Henry plead his candor and sincerity; he was not permitted to defend himself. He departed in anguish and despair, contemplating the scene just past. She was lost to him as a lover, and he was even denied the consolation of being a friend. He felt himself at the last pitch of human agony: he vowed revenge against the villain Harman, and pledged himself in secret to be for ever the protector of Laura.

Laura continued obstinate and unrelenting in her anger towards Henry; whilst the glossy Harman was still encouraged, and became the first in favor and indulgence. His efforts were redoubled; his time now wholly devoted, and not a moment suffered to escape, which might be rendered subservient to his views. He saw with ecstacy the weakness of his prey increase, and fed her vanity the more. Harman was now every thing with the deluded fair; without him she was restless and uneasy.

The sequel is short. The subtle poison was, alas! too sweet: it had circled itself around the mazes of her brain; and, in a moment of its giddy influence, the beautiful, accomplished, but *vain* Laura, fell a victim to the designs of villainy!

Poor, unhappy Henry! what were thy feelings at the horrid tidings! In the first paroxysm of grief and madness, he penned a challenge to the perfidious Harman, and obtained a meeting. The first ball was fatal. It struck the noble Henry to the heart, and relieved him from the dreadful weight of his existence.

The seducer fled: whilst the wretched Laura lingered out a train of tedious days, in penitence and despondency; then sunk a sacrifice to crime, and died in misery.

My beauteous readers, beware of this destructive passion; you may droop like the once lovely Laura. The outward figure may for a moment draw the gaze of the spectator, but it is the beauty of the mind must make a deep impression. Do not be vain of what your Maker has bestowed, but be grateful. The plainest form has equal reason to be grateful with yourselves. And let vanity so far operate only, as to affix you a proper pride with regard to all your actions. Thus far it will shine a virtue, but no farther. Then will you be as happy as I could wish you; and not only enjoy the innate gratification of your own conscience, but still attract the admiration of every sincere and honest man.

Mr. Editor,

The following pleasant anecdote is from a London paper, of a late date, please to give it a place in the Visitor, and you will oblige a Subscriber.

THEATRE,

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE Tragedy of "PIZARRO," was last night performed at this Theatre, and, in the absence of COOKE, who is confined by severe indisposition, the part of *Pizarro* was represented by Mr. BARRYMORE from Drury-lane, who depicted the haughty and tyrannical Spaniard with considerable effect The energies of *Rolla* were in some degree paralysed by a violent and oppressive hoarseness under which Mr. KEMBLE evidently laboured; but, in the last act, his dying exclamation, "For you and *Cora*," was given with all his accustomed force and expression. C KEMBLE was animated and interesting as the youthful *Alonzo*. Mrs. GIBBS displayed the conjugal and parental agony of *Cora* with commendable feeling.

Mrs. SIDDONS triumphantly carried off the palm of the evening as *Elvira*; the lofty deportment, the commanding sentiments, and the indignant glances, which mark this extraordinary character, are so peculiarly adapted to Mrs. SIDDONS, that there are but few parts in the range of the drama which afford a more ample field for the exercise of her inimitable talents.

At the commencement of he fourth Act, it was observed that EMERY was not at his post as Sentinel at the dungeon in which *Alonzo* is confined, and the audience began to testify the usual symptoms of disapprobation, KEMBLE came forward and said—"*That as Mr. EMERY was not in the house at the time the Play began, they preferred going on without him, rather than make the Audience wait.*"

This explanation was however not deemed sufficient, and though *Rolla* and *Elvira* endeavoured to proceed in their parts, the House grew tumultuous and insisted upon the appearance of the Sentinel—at length *Emery* appeared in his private habiliments, and evidently under great perturbation, addressed the Audience as follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that I should come before you in this manner, which is apparently unwarrantable; but* my wife *is in that situation to which most* men *who are married are liable!*"

This involuntary *bull* proceeding from the agitation of EMERY's feelings, excited as much laughter as any of his most admired performances.

"*During seven years which I have had the honour of being at this tribunal, I never was guilty of any breach in my public duty before*—(loud applause)—*but as this is a familiar complaint, however imperfectly I may have explained it, I trust I shall be allowed to* retire, *and* attire *myself for the part, and experience that indulgence which has been shewn on occasions less deserving than the present.*"

EMERY appeared in a few minutes, dressed as the Sentinel, and was very warmly and generally applauded. *Rolla's* question to him, "Have you any children?' and his answer, "Yes, I have" renewed the risibility of the audience, and the Piece was concluded without any further interruption.

ON THE

MOTIVE TO GOOD WORKS.

CONSCIOUS that human actions are acceptable to the almighty only in proportion as they are prompted by motives of the purest virtue, men ought benevolently to suppose that every good work springs from an untainted source, and is performed merely for the benefit of mankind; but human actions are exposed to the influence of a variety of secondary causes, and cannot always be the pure production of an unbiased heart. Good works however, from whatever motive they arise always convey a certain satisfaction and complaceney to the mind; but when the real merit of the performer is to be actually investigated, the inquiry must always be, whether the mind was not actuated by sinister views, by the hope of gratifying a momentary passion by the feelings of self-love, rather than by the sympathies of brotherly affection?

Who, present or absent, thinks and says the same of his friend and enemy—is more than honest—more than man—he is a hero.

Who crawlingly receives, will give superciliously.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1806.

WE are happy that we have it in our power to record an instance of benevolence, which is highly honourable to our fellow citizens.

Sometime during the spring of the last year, a family, consisting of five persons, migrated from the town of Westport, in the State of Massachusetts, to the interior of Kentucky. Shortly after their arrival in those distant regions, the father of the family sickened and died; leaving a widow with three young children, upwards of 700 miles from any relative, and in very indigent circumstances.

Distressed in the extreme, the surviving parent addressed a letter to the father of her deceased husband, in which she gave "a plain, unvarnished tale" of her forlorn and calamitous situation.

The old man (from his appearance, about 70 years of age) received the intelligence, as must naturally be supposed, with feeling, with commisseration. He determined to take his oxen and cart, and go forward to their assistance. His project was treated as chimerical by his neighbours.—An old man like him, whose age required repose, to undertake such a journey, and just as the inclement season was setting in too; it was folly; he certainly would never live to return.

By such remarks they attempted to dissuade him from his purpose. But the feelings of nature were too powerful. Inspired by such a cause, the cause of humanity and his offspring, he forsook his fire side and its comforts, and, after encountering many hardships, arrived at their place of residence.

By this time his little all in money was nearly expended, and he found it necessary to prepare for his immediate return, notwithstanding the rigors of winter.

About the 20th of February, he began to retrace his former rout, and after experiencing the chilling blast, and drinking deeply of the cup of poverty, he reached this city on the 21st inst.

We first saw him and his children, at the head of the Fly-market in Pearl-street, where scarcely an individual passed, but beheld in the countenances of the aged man and his offspring, a strong, an irresistible claim to his humanity

A considerable collection had already been made, when we noticed the appearance of two or three gentleman, whose names have long since been enrolled on the records of charitable deeds; who, after contributing of their own bounty, presented the old worthy with 60 dollars on behalf of the New England Society.

Gratitude almost overpowered the faculties of this aged respectable man.—The pearly tear evinced the feelings of his mind.

From the advice of some gentlemen of respectability, he moved to the Coffee house—where every person passing the door, threw in, with cheerfulness, something toward his assistance. Never did we witness more sincere commisseration, —nor a being who appeared more to deserve it.

Upwards of two hundred dollars were collected, the principal part of which the old gentleman received by a draft on a house at Newport, through which place he had to pass on his return home. He bowed to his benefactors, and, with grateful feelings, retired to partake of that refreshment which his woe-worn countenance bespoke him to stand much in need of.

FIRE.

About twelve o'clock on Wednesday evening, a fire broke out in the rear, of the office of this paper, which threatened alarming consequences; but, by the extraordinary vigilance of the firemen and the citizens, it was got under without doing any other material damage than consuming the stable in which it originated. This is the third time that these stables have caught fire during the last twelve months.

*** We tender our grateful acknowledgements to the fireman and citizens for their services in preserving this office and the buldings contigious thereto from the destruction which awaited them.

Mer. Ad.

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On Saturday evening last, died, in this town, Captain Benjaman Hodges, aged 52. He was descended from the primitive settlers of New England and from the first planters of Salem. The first ancestor was distinguished by his naval services in the early commerce of the country. The education of capt. B. Hodges was in the habits of his ancestors for the sea service, and he soon attracted that notice which gave him the command of the Grand Turk, so well known in the history of the enterprising commercial spirit of Salem. He was of fine person, commanding aspect, and dignified manners.—His success soon provided him the means of uniting uninterrupted domestic hapiness, with his mercantile employments; and he gave an uncommon example of all the virtues which can bless a family, and was rewarded with all the endearments which can enrich a friend, a husband, and a father. His characteristic benevolence directed the choice of him as an overseer of the poor, and the high esteem he had in that office, has received the full consent of men in every condition.

When the East-India Marine society was formed, he was chosen and has continued the President, and the reputation of that society will testify the wisdom of this appointment. Other societies chose him as their head, and every charitable institution confesses its obligations to him. The Essex Lodge was formed to its high character under him, and the Religious society to which he belonged, derived the greatest advantages from his example, his services, and his fatherly presence in all its affairs. Appeals were frequently made to his judgment in private and commercial concerns, and no dissentions in church or state rendered his benevolence questionable. His prosperity was never interrupted but by the frequent loss of his children, and he fell a victim to the same infirmity which, in the fate of his children, had so often distressed him. His calmness of mind never forsook him, and the conferrence with his friends in his last hours, was worthy of that character in which he had appeared to the world. He has left a widow and four daughters, who deserved and received his fondest affections. The death of Captain Hodges is universally considered a public loss, and his memory will be dear to all who knew him.

Salem Gaz.

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Our city inspector reports the death of 13 men, 11 women, 8 boys, and 10 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, casualty 1, (a child aged 3 years accidentally burnt) consumption 8 (4 men, aged 37, 41, 45, and 50; 3 women, aged 22, 37, and 40, and a boy aged 12) convulsions 2, debility 2, decay 3, dropsy 3, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 1, gravel 2, hives 1, inflamation of the lungs 1, old age 1, pleurisy 2, small pox, sprue, still born 5, suicide 1, syphilis 2, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worms.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THOSE ladies and gentleman who have heretofore, kindly afforded us original and selected communications, will be pleased to accept our warmest thanks.—Future favours are respectfully solicited.

We inform our readers, that we have placed a letter-box at the south window of the building of our office; suitable communications will receive our prompt attention. Persons willing to encourage our endeavours, will be pleased to enter their names in the carrier's book, or, at the office of this publication.

Several communications are under consideration.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
"Of human offspring,"
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. William Hewitt, merchant, to Miss Sarah Cauldwell, daughter of Mr. John Cauldwell, merchant, of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. M. Bennet of Philadelphia, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Hogstaff, eldest daughter of captain Ludiwick Hogstaff, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Henry H. Schieffelin, Attorney at Law, to Miss Maria Theresa Bradhurst, daughter of Samuel Bradhurst, Esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, captain William Clark, of London, to Miss Maria Solomon, of New-York.

On Sunday evening the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mildoller, Mr. Charles Kelly, to the amiable Mrs. Margaret Knox, Widow of the late Mr. James Knox, aged 70 years each, after a tedious Courtship of two long weeks, both of this City.

At Connecticut, a few weeks since, Capt. Robert Norris of this city, to Miss Mary Highton, of that place.

At Midway, Georgia, in March last, Mr. Oliver Stevens, of New Hampshire, to Miss Eliza Winn, of that place.

If gentlest manners, elegance refin'd,
Unspotted virtue, purity of mind,
Can heighten pleasure, or diminish care,
The nuptial rights ne'er gain'd a happier pair.

....."all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

At Philadelphia on Tuesday last, in the 68th year of his age, Mr. John Phillips, for many years a respectable Merchant of that city.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, consort of Thomas Fisher.

In London, in January last, in the 73d year of his age, the Rev. Abraham Booth, A. M. Pastor of one of the several Baptist churches in that metropolis.

THEATRE,——PARK.

.....TO SHEW
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME,
ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. TYLER.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT

Will be presented, (never performed here) the celebrated Comedy of,

THE DELINQUENT;
OR, SEEING COMPANY.

End of the third act of the comedy,
A DANCE
By the Misses Hodgkinsons, as taught by Mr. Lalliet.

End of the fourth act of ditto.
A DANCE.
By Miss Fanny Hodgkinson, as taught by Mr. Lalliet.

End of the play,
HODGE AND THE GHOST.
To be recited by Mr Johnson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
(Not performed here these four years) the celebrated burletta of

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

N. B. Tickets to be had of Mr. Tyler, and of Mr. Falconer, as usual.

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

JOHN JONES,

UMBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

N B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23. tf.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened an Academy at no. 16 Chamber-street, where he teaches

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WRITING,

IN the *first stile of elegance.* Also, Accounts, English grammar, painting, and drawing. Particular attention will be paid to the improvement of his pupils.

ATTENTION WILL BE PAID ALSO, TO young ladies or gentlemen who may wish to be instructed at the dwelling of their respective parents.

March 1.

SAGE & THOMPSON,

BOOK-SELLERS & STATIONERS,
No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

** *Merchant's Account Books they keep constantly ready, such as Legers, Journals, Day Books, Receipt Books, &c.*

They also rule to any pattern, and bind neatly with Russian bands, together with, and without, *iron backs.*

*** *TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery, for sale as above.*

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,
MINATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes *LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET,* accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of *ten dollars*: and if not approved a *likeness* no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS *of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL I BURROWE S, No. 6 Pine-street.*

Selections for the Weekly Visitor.

THE MOMENT'S MELANCHOLY.

LET others boast their happy hours,
And call my fancy folly;
I'll recollect, while blest with pow'r's,
The moment's melancholy.

Oh, in the very pride of mirth,
To feel dejection stealing
Softly upon our smiles, is worth
An age of gayer feeling.

I have been joyful with the rest,
In wine or sorrow steeping;
But were I ever wholly blest,
Ere long I should be weeping.

The merriest thought, the liveliest scenes,
When youth or love invite me,
Mingle with woe by secret means,
And pensively delight me.

Nor would I lose this dear relief
For countless heaps of treasure:
For if I must not taste of grief,
I ne'er shall taste of pleasure.

When social mirth, and wit refin'd,
Swell high the heart with gladness,
Oh then!...how soothing to the mind
Are thoughts of tender sadness!

Though smiles are sweet when lovers meet,
And yield to love's beguiling;
The girl I love looks far more sweet
Thro' tears enraptur'd smiling.

Even then, though swift the minutes move,
These joys can equal never
The trembling ecstacy of love
And grief with which I leave her.

Then, oh, let others boast of hours
When all was gay and jolly;
I'll recollect, whilst I have pow'rs,
The moment's melancholy.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

NATURE hath mercifully granted
But partial power to all her creatures:
By Julia Chloe's wit is wanted,
And Chloe wants fair Julia's features.

This happy circumstance hath been
The constant subject of my song:
Listen, and Julia's safely seen;
Look, and you conquer Chloe's tongue.

It was my theme, but now 'tis done:
These girls I once together found;
I heard but one, and lov'd but one,
Yet lov'd the sight, and blest the sound.

For Julia's fascinating eyes
Made me to Chloe's person blind;
And witty Chloe's quick replies
Supply'd the want of Julia's mind.

Perplex'd between them both I've sat,
And often wish'd that I were grown
Blind with this, or deaf with that,
Or that they both were join'd in one.

For if I were but blind, I thought
Chloe would need no outward grace;
And deafness would be cheaply bought,
To gaze uncheck'd on Julia's face.

Alas! vain wish, and vain alarms!
I had enough of both e'er long;
Blinded with seeing Julia's charms,
And deaf with hearing Chloe's tongue.

Beauty and wit then are not all,
'Tis something more must feed Love's fire:
The loveliest form and face will pall;
The wittiest tongue at length will tire.

WOMAN.

Oh woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man, we had but brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe in heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Otway.

—

From the same.

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten year's war
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman.
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman.
When innocence and love were in their prime;
Happy awhile in paradise they lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go astray:
Some foolish, new adventure, needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an APPLE—damn'd mankind.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

BY THE HON. C. J. FOX.

In death's terrific icy arms
The brave illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from care and war's alarms,
Sees not our tears, nor hears our sighs.

Cold is the heart where valour reign'd,
Mute is the tongue that joy inspir'd,
Still is the arm that conquest gain'd,
And dim that eye that glory fir'd.

Too mean for him a world like this!
He's landed on that happy shore
Where all the brave partake of bliss,
And heroes meet to part no more.

A LADY dying, who was much given to scolding, particularly at the servants, her husband caused an achievement to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto: *In Calo quies.* The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and, on being informed it was *there is rest in heaven*, answered, "Then I'm sure mistress be'ant there."

—

PRINCE POTEMKIN

THE FAVOURITE OF CATHARINE II.—The following anecdote will afford some idea of the wit and presumption of this young man, who is allowed to have possessed considerable talents. Happening to be once summoned to council, while engaged at a party of cards, he refused to stir. The astonished messenger, unaccustomed to such an instance of disobedience, and afraid of being implicated in his guilt, humbly besought Potemkin to furnish him with an excuse. On this, the favourite referred him to the bible, and on being requested to mention the passage, he gaily replied: "In the first psalm, and the first verse, there you will find. *Beatus vir qui non adest in consilio impiorum.*"—'Happy is the man who participateth not in the counsels of the wicked.'

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